American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

TO MY WIFE.

REV. G. W. BETHUNE.

Afar from thee! The morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me;
Alas! my spirit only wakes
To know that I am far from thee:
In dreams I saw thy blessed face;
And thou wert nestled on my breast;
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,
And to mine own thy heart was press'd.

Afar from thee! 'Tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good,
For I can only think of thee;
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest and my only one;
Without thee, I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise
My listless ear unheeded greet;
What sweetest seemed in better days,
Without thee, seems no longer sweet:
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheek's unusual glow
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow fled;
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is love, with thee!
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh;
For God, who seeth every where,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in his lovely embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide;
Forgotten quite the 'mediate space,
I kneel thy kneeling form beside;
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free;
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, dear love! I am with thee.

Miscellaneous.

A GOOD STORY OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

A gentleman of considerable estate, residing in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest being of a rambling disposition, went abroad After several years his father died, when the younger son destroyed his will, and seized upon the estate. He gave out that his eldest brother was dead, and bribed some false witnesses to attest the truth of it. In the course of time the elder brother returned, and in miserable circumstances. His younger brother repulsed him with scorn, told him he was an impostor, asserting that his brother was dead long ago and he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow, having neither money nor friends, was in a most dismal situation. He went around the parish making bitter complaints, and at last came to a lawyer, who, when he had heard the poor man's mournful story, undertook his cause, and entered an account against the younger brother; which was agreed to be tried at the next general assizes, at Chelmsford, in Essex.

The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the poor man, set his wits to work to counteract. At length he hit upon the happy thought, that he would consult the first of all judges, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly he flew up to London, and laid open the case in all its circumstances. The Judge heard the case patiently, and promised all the assistance in his power. With this object he contrived matters in such a manner as to have finished all his business at the King's Bench, before the assizes began at Chelmsford. When his carriage had conveyed him down very near the seat of the assizes, he dismissed his men and equipage, and sought out a retired house. He found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself perfectly agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him, and as the judge had a good suit on, the man had no reason to object. Accordingly the judge put on a complete suit of the miller's best, and armed with a stick, away he marched to Chelmsford, procured lodging to his liking; and waited for the assizes, which were to begin the next day. When the trial came on, he walked like an ignorant country fellow backwards and forwards, along the county hall, and soon found out the poor fellow who was plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall the miller drew up to him.

"My honest friend," said he, "how is your cause likely to go to-day?" Replied the plaintiff, "My cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it, I am ruined for life."

"Well honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I will let you into a secret, which perhaps you do not know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any jurymen through the whole twelve; now do you insist upon your privilege without giving a reason why, and I will do you all the service in my power."

Accordingly when the clerk of the court had called over the jurymen, the plaintiff excepted to one of them by name. The judge on the bench was highly offended with his liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against this gentleman?"

"I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving my reason why."—"Well, sir," said the judge, who had been deeply bribed, "as you claim the privilege, who would you wish to have in the place of that man excepted against?"

"After a short time taken into consideration, he said—"My lord, I wish to have an honest man chosen in," and he looked around the court. "My lord, there is that miller in the court, we will have him, if you please."

Accordingly the miller was chosen in. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the department, and slips ten golden sovereigns into the hands of the eleven jurymen, but gave the miller but five. He observed that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbor in a soft whisper, "How much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he.

He concealed what he had himself. The case was opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and all the scraps of evidence they could fish up were adduced in his favor. The younger brother was provided with a great number of witnesses, all bribed as well as the judge. They deposed that they were in the self-same country when the brother died and saw him buried. The counsellor argued upon this accumulated evidence, and everything went with a full tide in favor of the younger brother.

The judge said, "gentlemen, are you all agreed; and who shall speak for you?" "We are agreed, my lord," replied one; "our foreman shall speak for us."

"Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed." "Why," said the judge in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you. What reason have you for disagreeing."

"I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller. "The first is, they have given to all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold and have given me only five; besides I have my objections to make against the false reasonings of the lawyers and the extraordinary evidence of the witnesses."

Upon this, the miller began a discourse, that discovered such vast penetration of judgment, such extensive law, and expressed with such eloquence, as to astonish the judge and the whole court. As he was going on with his powerful demonstration, the judge in surprise stopped.

"Where did you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller. "My name is Mathew Hale—I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day; and therefore come down from a seat you are unworthy to hold.—You are one of the corrupt parties of this iniquitous business. I will come this moment and try the case all over again."

Accordingly Sir Mathew went up, with his miller's dress and hat on, began with the trial from its very origin, searched every circumstance of truth and falsehood, proved the elder brother's title to the estate, and gained a complete victory in favor of truth and justice.

From Neal Butline's Own.

CRAZY SAL.

The subject of the present sketch is often seen wandering about our village, clad in rags, and browned by the long years of exposure to the wind and weather, which she has been subject to. Indifferent alike to her, the summer sun pours upon her his scorching rays, or the rude blasts of winter pierce the thin tattered garments which hang around her; she heeds not the warring of the elements, or the beating of the rain and sleet upon her exposed head. Long years has she thus wandered about our streets, unharmed by any one—harming none—gathering, with untiring industry, every bit of rag or paper which is thrown in the street, until she has accumulated all that she can carry, when they are taken to some by-place and deposited, to be once more blown about and scattered to the winds of heaven.

For fifteen years past have I seen this poor unfortunate pursuing this same employment, at all seasons of the year, and in all sorts of weather. Sometimes a crowd of boys are gathered around her; and in order to make a little sport the fruits of her industry are torn from her and ruthlessly scattered abroad, as if they seemed to enjoy the misery such actions occasioned her. Few who look upon that browned and wrinkled visage, that face tanned and freckled by sun and wind, that form bent by the weight of sorrow and years, realise that the being they now behold was once the pride of idolizing parents, or the personification of beauty; yet such is the fact.

Some years ago, the subject of our short story was the pride and ornament of an adjoining town; her beauty shone conspicuous among the gay companions of her youth—her form was faultless, and gaiety sat smiling upon her brow. Nor was she devoid of intellectual endowments; for she had been favored with a good education, and was employed in teaching the youth of her native village. Thus her early days were passed amid the quiet of a country village; here she wandered amid the native groves, or by the rural streams which meandered through the green fields, spread out by the bountiful hand of Nature's great architect. Nature had also endowed her with feelings and affections well calculated for the enjoyment of her situation in life. Surrounded by parents, and brothers and sisters; who still reside near here, it seemed as if all things had combined to make her situation desirable.

She had scarcely ripened into womanhood, or her charms hardly yet developed themselves, before she experienced the most pleasurable sensations of the female heart—those of being loved, and loving one upon whom she could centre all the affections of a young, fervent, and trusting heart. A young gentleman from the city of "brotherly love," passing the summer months in the healthful region where was situated the cottage of the beauteous Sarah, was not insensible to her many charms.

He sought her acquaintance, and accompanied her in her rambles amid the green-clad hills of her native town. In short, they loved each other, and were happy. While they were thus lost in pleasurable emotions, the wheels of time still rolled on; the summer, with its soft breezes and genial showers, passed away; and sombre autumn came on apace; and our lovers awoke to the necessity of parting for a while—he, to return to his business in the city, leaving her to ponder on the many hours of happiness she had experienced in his company. Before they parted, however, they had promised each other eternal fidelity; and he left her, with the promise soon to return, and claim her for his bride.

Time passed on; and, although she was pure and innocent, yet there were those who were envious of her happiness, and, regardless of consequences, determined to dash the cup of pleasure from her lips. To accomplish their object, they breathed forth insinuations against her character—first, in gentle whispers, which grew louder and louder until they broke forth in full toned slander. These stories, false as they were, were conveyed to the ears of her lover, who incautiously received them; and, without waiting to learn their truth—as would be expected from one who had sworn fidelity and eternal truth to the object of his love—he immediately broke off his engagement, and snapped asunder the silken tie which bound them to each other. When the reality of his perfidy came upon her, the shock was too much for her fine sensibilities; reason deserted her throne, and she went forth with a wretched and blighted heart. Since then, she has been a wanderer—scarce ever staying with her widowed mother; and amid the heat of summer and snow of winter—the pelting rain or driving storm—she may be seen, with rapid strides passing through our streets. Little do the uninformed realise that the object of pity which they familiarly call "Crazy Sal," was once as lovely as any of the boasted beauties who promenade our streets; or that beneath that rough exterior, there once beat a pure and trusting heart, now crushed forever.

Honesdale, Pa., Dec., 1848. D. Y. T.

The Falling Leaf.

Who can behold the falling leaf of autumn without revolving in his mind the lesson it seems to teach? "We all do fade as a leaf," whispers a voice in gentle but impressive accents. However strong and beautiful the parent trees, when the season of decadency arrives, the separation must take place. It is a law of nature which no mortal power can repeal.—"Leaves have their time to fall;" buds have their time to spring into that brief and beautiful existence allotted them by the Universal Creator. "To every thing there is a season." They all have one life to live, one death to die. Nature is lovely in her forms of life, and lovely in death. The verdure which she spreads over creation in its season, is refreshing to the eye and the mind, but her dying colors, if I may so call them, are of startling brightness. Go into the fields and forest in October, and behold the gorgeous apparel with which she has invested herself, preparatory to her descent into the sepulchre of winter. No gloomy color is seen adorning her wasted form; no frown distorts her matronly brow. Her joy is like that of one who has run well his triumphal course, fulfilled his entrusted commission, and is "ready to be offered up." How affecting this annual sacrifice of a world of beauty and grandeur! The leaves fall, but not the tree that bore them. The rose fades, but the stem on which it grew is vital—it will sprout again. So is the life of the spiritual aspirant after a holy immortality, "hid with Christ in God," and in that life mortality is to "be swallowed up."—How mighty the power that can absorb all the miseries of humanity as the earth absorbs the world of leaves that descend into its bosom!

But this sear and yellow leaf—look at it!—Behold the image of the parent tree so strikingly delineated upon it. It is there even in death. Even so it is with the frail child of dust, who, with tearful face, looks up to God as his father. "We all with open face, behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed in the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." Death has no power over that form of beauty: the grave cannot touch it—it is imperishable. Faith assures us that "as we have borne the image of the earthly so shall we bear the image of the heavenly." Then let the fallen leaf, which so softly sinks to the earth after having fulfilled its mission, teach us how to die. Thus gently may we stoop to the dust and sink to our last repose.

From the Cincinnati Nonpareil.

THE FATE OF THE "FOREIGN LEGION."

BY H. G. CHAPMAN.

The morning of the 14th of September broke clear and calm over the dark and frowning battlements of the castle of Chapultepec. The flag of the Mexicans streamed proudly out from the ramparts and waved in all its gorgeousness in the gentle breeze which swept along the plain. Shining bayonets and glistening sabres reflected back the sun's bright rays, and deep mouthed cannon boomed out upon the surrounding country, threatening death and destruction to the advancing foe. On they came, filing out, column after column, from the suburbs of the little village of Tacubaya, and sweeping like a destructive tornado upon the devoted ramparts. Suddenly, from the batteries of the castle, a stream of flame and smoke shot forth, and all along that lengthened line, the missils of terror and death went hand in hand, cutting down the noble and the brave, the good and the generous, and streaming all in one mingled heap of gore and blood. War, with all its blasting and desolating effects, was carrying grief and misery into many a heretofore happy family, and striking the father and husband, the son and brother, in terrible and bloody havoc, and consigning them to one common and sorrowful grave. While the faces of the wife and sister at home, were wreathed in smiles, that of the husband or brother was writhing in the agony of death upon a foreign soil, and breathing out life's last sigh amid the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. The scene of that fearful and fatal mourn will never be forgotten.

But while this was transacting around Chapultepec, another and still more terrible scene was passing in the little town of Miscoux, some half a mile distant from Tacubaya. At the battle of Churubusco, the deserters under Reily had been captured, and after an impartial trial sentenced to be hung. They were known by the title of the "Foreign Legion," and were made up of men who had deserted from the ranks of the Americans, and joined the forces of the enemy. The day set for their execution was the 14th of September—and it also happened that the attack upon Chapultepec took place the same day.

The sun and just risen, and tinged the east with his purple ray, as they were led forth to die. Thirty in number, and surrounded by a strong body of men, they advanced with slow step towards the gallows, the muffled drum sending forth its death notes, and giving to the whole the appearance of a funeral rather than a public execution. They were arranged under the gallows, which was one erected for the purpose—being nothing more than two large posts set firmly in the ground, across the top of which was placed a pole of sufficient length to admit the bodies of thirty men. Beneath it the prisoners were arranged with the noose around their necks—the other end of the rope being thrown over the pole, was grasped by three or four men, ready at a moments warning to launch them into eternity. A gloomy silence pervaded the spot and as they gazed upon the group collected there, they found no sympathizing glance in the scowling faces and glaring eyes which were fixed upon them. They had destroyed the last feeling of respect for them, when they took up arms against their own countrymen. The usually dark brow of Col. H——y, who superintended the execution, was contracted by a dark frown, and his deep grey eyes twinkled savagely in their sockets, as he galloped up to the spot, and reined in his smoking charger beside them.

"Is it all ready, Lieutenant?" he asked of an officer who commanded the guard.

"Everything replied the officer.

"Then let them swing," was the savage reply.

The Lieutenant turned and advanced toward the prisoners, when suddenly the eye of the Colonel fell upon the Castle, and the deadly roar of the artillery reached his ear.

"Lieutenant," he suddenly exclaimed, with startling energy in his voice.

"Aye, sir," replied the officer, returning.

"Have everything ready, but don't draw them up until the American flag waves out from the flag staff of Chapultepec Castle."

"Aye, sir, it shall be done." And the Lieutenant returned to the gallows.

"If we aint hung until the castle is taken by the Americans, we shall have a good long life yet," sullenly exclaimed one of the prisoners under the beam.

"Then live you shall, for till the Star Spangled Banner waves in victory over your castle, you shall not die," replied Col. H——y, sternly.

"Hurrah, boys, we'll live a long life yet. Old Bravo's the man to stick to the castle as long as there's a shot in the locker, or a man to stand by him," replied the fellow with a shout.

All eyes were now fixed with a deep intensity upon the height—and galling was the agony of suspense which they indured between the moments which elapsed during the terrible contest which was going on around the castle hill. Suddenly the flag of the Mexicans went down amid the strife and the Colonel shouted—

"There goes the enemy's banner; the castle is won."

"And there goes the flag back again, go it, old Bravo," shouted another of the Legion, as the Mexican flag rose to the top of the staff, and waved to the breeze.

A muttered ejaculation escaped the lips of the Colonel, and each one again fixed his eyes upon the scene. The contest raged on with unabated vigor, and in a few moments the brow of the hill was hidden from sight, by the dark cloud of smoke which hung thick around it. A half hour passed, and as a strong wind swept down the plain and lifted the smoke from off the height, the enemy's flag had again disappeared from the staff. A moment of deep anxiety followed, and then the American banner ran up the staff and floated proudly over the battlements.

"Up with them," thundered the deep voice of the Colonel, and the next moment thirty human beings were swinging in the last agonies of death from the gallows; and as they quivered in the rising sunbeams which glanced along the plain, no look of sympathy fell upon their detested features, for all considered that they richly deserved their fate.

Such, reader, was the fate of the Foreign Legion—men who, scorning all the attributes of nobleness and love of country which generally exist in an American bosom, left the standard of freedom and a handful of comrades in the heart of an enemy's country, surrounded by an overwhelming force, to lend a helping hand in destroying the brave little army which was toiling onward to death or victory—hooted and despised they met the traitor's doom.

LAWYERS AND MECHANICS.—The N. Y. Mirror, in a late number, says: "The Bar is no longer the resort of the ambitious youths of our country. The mechanical departments are being preferred: there are now thirty young gentlemen in this city, that have received liberal educations, who are serving their "times" as shipwrights, architects, carpenters, &c. In a few years the United States will have the most accomplished mechanics in the world. A new class is springing up who will put the present race of mechanics in the shade. The union of a substantial education with mechanical skill will effect this. Indeed already, we could name some mechanics who are excellent mathematicians, and acquainted with French and German and able to study the books in those languages connected with their vocations.—Heretofore fond fathers were about to educate their sons as doctors or lawyers, to insure their respectability and success. That day is passed. Mechanics will now take the lead, and in a few years will supply the large portion of the State and Federal Legislatures."

A MATERIAL DIFFERENCE.—A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was "going to *officiate* for another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as the service was ended, called out, "I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon; as Mr. L. is going a *fishing* with another clergyman!"

THE MERRY LITTLE FAT MAN.

There is a little man dressed all in grey,
He lives in the city, and he's always gay;
He's round as an apple, and plump as a pear,
He has not a shilling, nor has he a care.
Yet he laughs and he sings,
And he sings and he laughs,
Ha, ha, ha!
Oh! what a merry little fat man!

He drinks without counting the number of glasses,
He sings merry songs, and flirts with the lasses;
He has debts, he has duns, but when bailiffs draw near
He shuts up his door and he shuts up his ear,
Yet he laughs, and he sings, &c.

If the rain thro' the roof his garret floor wets,
In his bed snoring snugly the rain he forgets;
In bleak cold December, when it hails and its snows,
If the fire goes out, his fingers he blows,
And he sings and he laughs,
And he laughs and he sings,
Ha, ha, ha!
Oh! what a merry little fat man!

Uncle John's Courtship—A Capital Love Story.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

"Women are deuced queer creatures—I never could understand them!" used to be the constant exclamation my uncle John, in relation to the fair sex, said Ellen.

"But really, did the old gentleman never think of marrying?" inquired James.

"Oh, yes; he had a sweetheart once; did he ever tell you about it?" and Ellen burst into a fit of laughter. "I can never help laughing when I think of Uncle John's courtship," continued she. "I had a dear friend—Kate Dudley—whom you have heard me mention. She was a merry, roguish creature, as Kates always are. We became acquainted at school, and she went home with me to spend a vacation. My cousin Morris, my uncle's namesake, had just graduated at the same time, to spend a few weeks, and got into my uncle's good graces. Well, as fate would have it, my uncle John Morris and my cousin John Morris both fell in love with my sweet friend. Uncle John's passion was a perfect miracle, for he had always declared that no woman should ever rule him; and as for the sentiment of love, I think he was perfectly innocent of ever cherishing it, but he took a wonderful fancy to Kate. She would talk and laugh with him, and would make him talk and laugh with her. She would walk and ride with him, and admire his favorite horse—praise his taste in his house and garden, which no one else could praise—and all with an air of such perfect artlessness and good nature as completely entranced Uncle John; and he declared, before she had been with us a week, that she was the only woman he ever saw without deceit; he could understand her.

Well, in the meantime, Cousin John and Kate were talking real love to each other, and they knew that if Uncle should suspect it, it would entirely defeat the object of my cousin's visit, which was to induce the old gentleman to give him funds to establish himself in business. Kate was rich in expedients. She proposed to carry on the joke with Uncle John, while her lover was, in the mean time, to accomplish his object. Kate acted her part admirably; the old gentleman was in ecstacies, and would then been ready to give away half of his property, and bless at least half the women. He readily settled a handsome sum upon John, and as he delivered it to him, 'signed and sealed,' 'Now, my boy,' said Uncle John, 'I wish that you could find as good a girl as Kate Dudley for a wife.'"

"I wish so, too," replied John, meekly.

"Well, there is another such a one in the world," said my uncle, "and I intend to marry her, if she will have me, and I am sure she will; she loves me—I know she does—she knows how to appreciate me."

Cousin John professed himself much pleased with his uncle's prospects, and wished him a world of happiness with his dear Kate.

"I shall pop the question this very day," said Uncle John, "and will have a wedding, and you must stay, my boy."

"I believe I must leave town to day. I am anxious to get settled in business."

"But you will come to Kate's wedding?" insisted the old gentleman.

"Yes, certainly," replied John, with a scarce concealed smile. He stole an opportunity to inform Kate of his good fortune, and of his uncle's intention, and to make some arrangements for themselves, and then left us, anxious to appropriate his money as soon as possible.

That evening my uncle invited Kate to take a walk with him by moon light. So, you see, the old fellow had a spark of romance after all. I was sure to be in my room when they returned, for I never could have encountered them with a sober face. I soon heard Kate ascending the steps, but as soon as she had entered my room and closed the door, she burst into an immoderate fit of suppressed laughter.

"Well, Kate," said I, as soon as we had composed ourselves a little, "how did you come off, Kate?"

"Oh! capital!" exclaimed Kate. "Uncle John commenced by a few coughs and hems, and asked me if I would like to marry, I said yes, if I could find one that I loved. He then asked me if I thought he was too old to marry... Oh, no, said I; just a good age. He then said he had never thought of marrying till recently, and that there was but one woman in the world he would ever wish to marry, and that was Miss Kate Dudley. I replied very amiably, that there was but one man in the world that I would ever wish to marry, and that was Mr. John Morris.—"The old fellow is in ecstacies," continued she, "and I should really pity him when the denouement comes, if he had any heart; but I am sure it will not kill him; he will bustle about for a while, and then adopt his motto—"Well, women are deuced queer creatures; I never could understand them." "And now," said Kate, laughing, "I must go home and get ready."

She made Uncle John think it was best to go home the next day. The day was appointed for the wedding, and Kate bade good-bye, and in four weeks, the day before Uncle John was to have set out to claim his bride, he received a paper announcing the marriage of Mr. John Morris and Miss Kate Dudley.

"How did the old gentleman bear it?" inquired James, eagerly.

"Oh, he did first as Kate said he would. He stormed terribly at first—declared that that rascal John Morris should never have a cent of his money, (forgetting that he had already given him all that he desired,) cursed the women and himself too, and finally settled down into his original habits, only repeating more often, and with more emphasis, his favorite motto—"Well, women are deuced queer creatures; I never could understand them!"

"Did he ever forgive them?" inquired James.

"No; he seldom mentions them, and then always designates them as rascally John Morris and his wife!"

Not in the Bills.

On a certain occasion, at a certain dramatic temple, a farce was in the course of representation, and had just reached the scene where a lover enters, seeking, almost distracted, his lady-love, who had just concealed herself a moment before, (in full view of the audience) in "the garden" behind some canvass representation of bushes.

"Where, O Heavens! where has my lovely Julia fled?" exclaimed the actor in despairing accents, looking around every where but in the right place.

A specimen of the genus Yankee in the pit, who had hitherto been all attention, now exhibited symptoms of impatience, and, as the actor repeated his impassioned inquiry, he was answered by our excited Yankee with—

"Right behind yer, you darned fool !- in the tater patch."

The effect of this can be better imagined than described—the applause was tremendous.

ABOUT KEYS.—"There are various keys," said a young man to another, "such as sulkey, and bulkey, but the only key that can reach your heart is Sukey." "It may be so," replied the other, but I defy anything to reach your heart but whis-*key*."

Why is a pretty girl like a blacksmith's apron?—Because she catches the sparks.

The Women of the Revolution.

BY MRS. ELLET.

Early in the war, the inhabitants on the frontier of Berks county, in North Carolina, being apprehensive of an attack by the Indians, it was determined to seek protection in a fort, in a more densely peopled neighborhood in an interior settlement. A party of soldiers were sent to protect them on their retreat. The families assembled, the line of march was taken towards their place of destination, and they proceeded some miles unmolested, the soldiers marching in a hollow square with the refugee families in the middle. The Indians who had watched the movement, laid a plan for their destruction. The road to be travelled lay through a dense forest in the fork of a river, where the Indians concealed themselves, and waited till the travellers were on the desired spot. Suddenly the war whoop sounded in front and on either side; and a large body of painted warriors rushed in, filling the gap by which the whites had entered. An appalling crash of fire arms followed. The soldiers, however, were prepared; such as chanced to be near the trees, darted behind them, and began to ply the deadly rifle; the others prostrated themselves upon the earth among the tall grass, and crawled to trees. The families screened themselves as best they could.

The onset was long and fiercely urged; ever and anon, amid the din and smoke, the warriors would rush, tomahawk in hand, towards the centre; but they were repulsed by the cool intrepidity of the backwoods riflemen. Still they fought on, determined on the destruction of the victims who offered such desperate resistance. All at once an appalling sound greeted the ears of the women and children in the centre; it was a cry from their defenders—a cry for powder!

"Our powder is giving out," they exclaimed; "have you any? Bring us some or we can fight no longer."

A woman of the party had a good supply. She spread her apron on the ground, poured the powder in it, and going around to each soldier as they stood behind the trees, bade each who needed powder put down his hat, and poured a quantity into it.—Thus she went round the line of defence, till her whole stock, and all she could obtain from others, was distributed. At last the savages gave way, and pressed by their foes were driven off the ground.

The victorious whites returned to those for whose safety they had ventured into the wilderness. Inquiries were made as to who had been killed, and one running up, cried,

"Where is the woman that gave us the powder? I want to see her."

"Yes!—yes!—let us see her!" responded another; and another; "without her we should all have been lost.' The soldiers ran about among the women and children looking for her and making inquiries. Directly came in others from the pursuit, one of whom observing the commotion, asked the cause and was told.

"You are looking in the wrong place," he replied.

"Is she killed? Ah! we are afraid of that," exclaimed many voices.

"Not when I saw her," answered the soldier.—"When the Indians ran off, she was on her knees in prayer at the foot of yonder tree, and there I left her."

There was a simultaneous rush to the tree, and there to their great joy they found the woman safe and still on her knees in prayer. Thinking not of herself, she received the applause without manifesting any other feeling than gratitude to Heaven for their great deliverance.

A Slander from Crabbe.

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys,
Are never valued till they make a noise,
To show how worthy, they their powers display;
To show how worthy, they their trust betray;
Like pence in children's pockets, secrets lie,
In female bosoms; they must burn or fly.

From the North American.

"Be sure your sins will find you out."

Messrs. Editors—The confession of W. Dandridge Eppes, the murderer of Adolphus Muir, of Dinwiddie county, Va., I noticed in your paper of the 28th.—This is one of the most extraordinary cases of cold blooded murders that has ever been recorded in our country, and one that is calculated to remind us to be ever watchful over ourselves, and ever mindful of our duty to Him, who hath taught us to say, "Our Father, &c.—lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The writer of this was, at the time the deed was committed, a resident of that county, and familiar with the parties and the facts, and will never forget the profound sensation created at the announcement of the murderer's name.

Eppes and Muir were neighbors and friends, occupying the highest position in society. The latter was a young man full of promise and hope, handsome and accomplished; and was about to offer his hand and heart to the lovely daughter of his destroyer.—He held a bond against Eppes for a few hundred dollars, and was on a visit to collect the amount at the request of Eppes, who signified his wish to pay it. At this visit Eppes proposed a ride and a hunt for deer for an hour or two, and then return to dinner. This was agreed to, and when seperated for a few moments, in a quiet and secluded spot, the fatal shot was given. When Muir fell, Eppes approached him, and found him living and under the impression that the shot was accidental. But seeing Eppes deliberately re-loading his gun, he became alarmed, and inquired if he intended to kill him. Eppes replied, he did. He told Eppes that if it was money that he desired he might have the bond—only spare his life. He then pulled off his watch, handed it to Eppes, with a request to give it to his sister, and prepared for his approaching end.

It was then that Muir summoned him to meet him at the bar of God, as alluded to in the confession.—Eppes stood by calmly listening to his appeals, and with the heart of a demon, deliberately shot him again, and plundered him of the bond and valuables about his person. This fatal watch, accustomed to note the fleeting hour of time, disclosed the awful deed! It was found a few weeks after in a jeweller's shop in Petersburg, where it had been sold by the murderer. A connexion of Eppes, accidentally hearing of this, immediately despatched a negro man up on a horse to inform Eppes of the discovery. The poor negro, faithful to his trust, but fatal to the horse, arrived before the messenger of the law, and Eppes escaped. His escape was only for a time. The silent monitor within would not be still, and Texas, though far distant, was not far enough to hide him from the vengeance of the law.

Thus has perished W. Dandridge Eppes, the proudest man of the proudest Commonwealth of the United States! It was pride alone that tempted *him*, and wo to him that suffers pride to be his master.

J. R. G.

OLD FRIENDS.—He who never forgets his old friends, and cherishes his attachment for them as warmly as ever, no matter how much time, space or fortune have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom Heaven has endowed the earth, that society may not utterly wither, through the influence of ingratitude, selfishness and incessant changes in life. As you advance in life, make new acquaintances, but never forget old friends. How much happier the human race would be if they followed this advice; those who parted, meeting after a long absence, not with lessened interest in each other, as now, but as brothers meet brothers, their affection more glowing than ever.

SCENE AT A HOTEL BREAKFAST TABLE.—Enter waiter, with a large shad. V. Z., representative from C., helps himself to one half, Mr. C., says my next neighbor to his friend, "have you heard any cause assigned why all the shad taken in the Connecticut this season are poison!" "No, I havn't although I was aware of the fact." V. Z.—shoving away the untouched shad,

"Here waiter bring me a clean plate."

PLEASANT.—A religious editor defines mirthfulness to the "refined essence of hell, prepared by the devil to poison the soul of him who drinks it?" Amiable creature.

From a Liverpool Paper.

Horrible Brutality of Englishmen.

On Tuesday night reports reached Liverpool of a terrible loss of life which had occurred on board of the steamer Londonderry, plying between Sligo and this port, and though the first accounts were strangely incorrect and horrible, yet, when the truth became known, it was shown that the loss of life had been rather understated; while, though no actual crime had been committed, the details of the true relation were not a whit the less harrowing and distressing than those of the fabricated story first transmitted. It appears that about four o'clock on the evening of the first of December, the steamboat Londonderry left the harbor of Sligo. There were on board of her three cabin passengers, a number of sheep and oxen, and about 150 emigrants. The vessel was passing over to this port, whence a majority of the unfortunate passengers intended to proceed as emigrants to America. Towards nightfall a heavy gale came on, and at last blew with such violence that shortly after midnight, or rather towards 1 o'clock on Saturday morning, the decks were cleared of all except the seamen. The steerage passengers, perhaps one hundred and fifty in number, were crowded in the fore-cabin, men, women, and children, and were driven below—driven, we say, because several struggled against those who forced them down the companion ladder. After some difficulty, however, many remonstrances, and much opposition, the poor emigrants were crammed in the narrow compass of the fore cabin, a compartment little more than eighteen feet long by eleven feet wide, and seven feet high. The space was capable only of accommodating about forty passengers; and here were nearly one hundred and fifty of both sexes, huddled together indiscriminately, the old and the young, the robust and the sickly, the adult and the infant. Meanwhile the sea was running high in the channel, so that the waves repeatedly broke over the steamer. Then it was that, through the negligence of those who were responsible for the lives of the people on board a measure of momentary convenience was adopted, which led to a catastrophe the like of which has only occurred before in the notorious prison of Calcutta. The companion the only aperture by which the fore cabin received ventilation, was closed, and over the companion was nailed down a piece of tarpaulin! This was at about midnight, between Friday and Saturday. The result proved to be only such as common sense would tell every one was inevitable. The dizziness and qualms of sea-sickness were very soon forgotten in the unendurable sensations of suffocation. Efforts were made to force away out of the confinement; they were found to be unavailing. Shouts were raised to attract attention; they were drowned in the roaring noise of the storm. And then according to the description of the few survivors, ensued a spectacle such as sets the imaginations of even the most morbid at defiance. The steamers drove bravely through the tempest, while those who directed her remained wholly unconscious of the frightful conflict for life and death which was then raging in her very entrails. The trampling and beating sounds within the cabin were rendered inaudible by the throbbing of the pistons, and the shrieks and groans of the sufferers only died away with the gale towards morning. Not till then were the seamen aware of the tragedy which had been enacted under their feet. Out of the one hundred and fifty passengers who had been driven down the companion-ladder a few hours before, seventy-two were found to have perished! Men and women and little children, husbands and wives, sons and mothers, were heaped about the floor of the cabin in disorder, some with their clothes torn from their backs in their tatters, some with their hands and faces lacerated, some with their features trodden into a mummy by the iron-shod "brogues" of their fellow sufferers; here a father locked in the arms of his daughter; there a sister clinging to the corpse of her brother, their countenances black and distorted with the convulsions produced by suffocation. The following is a description of the scene which met the eye of the mate when a steerage passenger, who had at last forced his way out, communicated to him the terrible intelligence:

"The mate instantly became alarmed, and obtained a lantern, went down to render assistance. Such, however, was the foul state of the air in the cabin, that the light was immediately extinguished. A second was obtained, and it, too, was extinguished. At length all the tarpaulin being completely removed and a free access of air admitted, the real nature of the catastrophe exhibited itself. There lay in heaps the living, the dying, and the dead, one frightful mass of mingled agony and death, a spectacle enough to appal the stoutest heart. Men, women, and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding from the desperate struggle for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned the strife. After some time, the living were separated from the dead, and it was then found that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the entire number.

"The scene, on entering the steerage of the steamer, was, perhaps, as awful a spectacle as could be witnessed. Seventy-two dead bodies of men, women and children lay piled indiscriminately over each other, four deep, all presenting the ghostly appearance of persons who had died in the agonies of suffocation; very many of them covered with the blood which had gushed from the mouth and nose, or had flowed from the wounds inflicted by the trampling of nail studded brogues, and by the frantic violence of those who struggled for escape—for it was but too evident that, in that struggle, the poor creatures had torn the clothes from off each other's backs, and even the flesh from each other's limbs."

AN ILLITERATE SCHOOLMASTER.—The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a circular recently distributed in the West of England: "Roger Giles, zurgon, grosir, parish clark, and skulemaster, reforms ladies and gentlemans he draws teeth without waiting a moment, blisters on the lowest tarms, and fiziks for a penny a peace. He sells godfather's Corjal, kuts korns, and undertakes to keep everybody's nayles by the year and zo on. Young ladies and gentlemans larned there grammars language in the most purtiest manner, also, gurt care taken of thare morals and spellin—also zarm zinging, teeching the base vial, and all other zorts of phancy work. Perfumery and jollop, znuff and ginger, and all other spices. And as the times be cruel bad, he begs to tel, he is jist begun to zell all zorts of zweetmeats, inkluding taters, ingons, black led, brick dist, sassages and other garden stuff, also phrute, hats, zongs, hoyl, latin buckets, and other articles. Korn and bunjan zarve, and all hardwares—He also performs fleabottomy on the shortest notice. And furthermore particular, he has laid in a large zortment of tripe, dog's meet, lolipops, and other pickles, zich as hoysters, wizur zoap, &c. Ole rags bort and sold here and no place else, and new laid eggs every day by me, Roger Giles.—P. S. I teeche Joggrefy, Rumaticks, and all them outlandish things, queer drills, fushinabull pokar and all other countrary dances tort at home and abrode to perfecksbun. A bal on Wednesday when our Mariar performs on the git-Tar."

A GREEN ONE.—An exchange tells a good story of an innocent countryman who chanced to be in one of our cities on Sunday, and concluded to go to church. Arriving there, he waited outside for a moment, when, to his profound surprise, the organ struck up, from which he concluded some sort of a "shave down," was about to commence. Just at that moment, a gentleman invited him to take a seat. "Not 'zactly, Mister—I ain't used to no such doin's on Sunday; and, besides, I don't dance."

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, in the course of conversation, that man is the only creature that is endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the earl; and you may add, perhaps, he is the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at!*"

A POOR ENDORSER.—"A worthy but poor minister," writing to a friend from the country, "requested a few days since the loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank; and in the note requesting the favor, he said that if the cashier would oblige him, he would pay him in ten days, on the faith of Abraham." The cashier returned word "that by the rules of the bank, the endorser must reside in the State!"—*Knickerbocker.*